

## My Space Heart Told Me"

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Category: Gundam Wing/AC

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-22 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-22 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:18:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,836

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: What happened when Quatre and Trowa were in San Fransisco together? This did. \*\*SHOUNEN AI WARNING\*\*

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\*\*BEEP BEEP YAOI WARNING! YAOI WARNING!\*\* Heh, sorry =Ã¼ Just wanna warn the homophobics out there. Same things apply here, pally: keep an open mind and if you're going to flame me, make yourself sound intelligent, mmkay? This fic takes place the night before the raid on the New Edwards base, when Quatre reunites with Trowa. Yes, Quatre and Trowa. I can't help it. I think that they are the cutest yaoi couple from, like, anything. ANYway, enough of my insessant ramblings. Enjoy, minna-san ~\_^

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><br> Quatre Raberba Winner looked up at the haunting emerald eyes... well eye... infront of him. "Trowa," the Arabian boy began. He couldn't say Trowa's name without getting all fluttery in his stomach. He loved to say Trowa's name. Sometimes, when he was alone in his office, he'd devote endless sheets of paper to Trowa Barton's name. At first, Quatre thought it was just a fascination with the mysterious boy. Then he had realized that it was more than that. Quatre had accepted the fact that he had a crush on Trowa... a big one. He'd never really liked a boy, or ANYONE before, so Quatre wasn't too sure how to approach the situation.

><br> He decided that conversation, all be it akward, was a good first step. Trowa looked down at him. "Hai, little one?" Trowa responded. Quatre liked it when Trowa called him 'little one'. He saw it as a term of endearment from the much taller boy. Sure, Quatre had been called 'little' or 'short' by his 29 older sisters. He always found it annoying, but when it came from Trowa, it seemed like more of a pet name than anything. And Quatre liked that. He smiled up at the tall, emerald eyed boy and pressed his fingers together nervously as he spoke.

><br> "Do you have a place to stay tonight?" He asked.

><br> "I do." Trowa returned. "I was going to sleep in the truck with my Gundam HeavyArms for the night. Then leave in the morning for the New Edward's base."

><br> Quatre raised an eyebrow. "Trowa, you're going to actually sleep in a truck? We're in America, who knows what could happen to you?"

><br> Trowa raised an eyebrow, shocked that Quatre actually cared about his existence. No one ever really expressed such feelings for the quiet boy. Not even his mercenary adoptive family. Trowa shuddered a moment as he remembered those awful days, the sweaty perverts, then snapped back to the present. ".....It doesn't matter what happens to me anyway."

><br> "Why do you say that?" Quatre asked. "Surely you have a family waiting for you once this war ends, ne?"

><br> Trowa shrugged. "Does it matter? Why should anyone care what happens to me anyway. I'm no one special. Just a soldier, a tool of war."

><br> 'You're special to me...' Quatre thought. Quatre frowned and grabbed Trowa's arm.

><br> "Nani? What are you doing?" Trowa asked.

><br> "You are going to sleep in my hotel room. You can have the sofa if you want." Quatre replied, still tugging Trowa along.

><br> Trowa responded to Quatre's gesture by nodding. "That will be fine, I suppose."

><br> The two boys walked their way back to the hotel, chatting the whole way... well, more like Quatre talking and Trowa nodding. Trowa found that he enjoyed the blonde boy's company immensely. He felt at peace, somehow. He liked that feeling. When he thought Quatre wasn't looking, for the first time in a very long time, Trowa Barton smiled.

><br> Upon reaching the hotel room, Trowa immediately searched the bookshelf for something to read. He ran his long fingers across the bindings of the books until he found one with an interesting enough title. He sat down on the couch and began to read. As he opened the book, he yawned hugely. This went unnoticed by Quatre who had just hopped into the shower.

><br> Once he finished showering, Quatre dried himself and tied a robe around his body. He then walked out into the bedroom. Trowa was fast asleep on the couch, the book still clutched in his hands. Quatre grabbed a blanket from his bed and draped it over the sleeping Trowa. He gently removed the book from Trowa's hand and placed it on the table. He then looked down at Trowa's hand. It was open, fingers extended. Quatre ran his fingers along Trowa's palm, then tucked his hand into the blanket.

><br> "Goodnight Trowa." Quatre whispered quietly as he walked over to his bed. After getting comfortable, Quatre was just about to doze off. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open as he heard Trowa move around on the couch and groan in frustration. Trowa sat up and huffed.

"Y-you're awake, Trowa?" Quatre asked.

><br> "Unfortunately. There's a spring in this mattress making me rather uncomfortable." Trowa stood up and flipped the cushion over. He laid back down on it only to discover it was uncomfortable that way too. He sighed in defeat and threw the blanket onto the floor. He was starting to lay down when Quatre cleared his throat.

><br> "Trowa, if you want, you can sleep in the bed with me. There's enough room for two people." Quatre offered, feeling the blush creep onto his fair cheeks.

><br> Trowa blushed as well. After some consideration, Trowa nodded. "That would be nice, little one." Trowa grabbed the blanket from up off the floor and walked over to the bed. Quatre made room for Trowa

and lifted the blankets, inviting him in. Trowa crawled into the bed and sat up. He threw the blanket Quatre had given him back to the bottom of the bed, then he took off his shirt. Quatre tried with no avail to keep the blood in his nose.

><br> Trowa observed this and touched his lips, something he did often. "Am I making you uncomfortable, little one?"

><br> Quatre shook his head quickly and smiled a nervous smile.

"Trowa, may I ask you something?"

><br> "If you would like."

><br> "Why... why do you call me 'little one'?" Quatre asked.

><br> Trowa cocked his head to the side, thinking deeply. His eyes squinted, as if he were reading the darkness for an answer. Finally he sucked in a deep breath and said quietly "You know, I don't know. I haven't the foggiest idea why I call you 'little one'. Do you mind it? I'll stop if you like, litt- uh, Quatre." It felt weird to say Quatre's name. Trowa felt unworthy to call this angel by his name.

><br> "You can call me whatever you wish to call me." Quatre said.

><br> Trowa smiled faintly. "Okay, little one."

><br> Quatre smiled. He rolled over onto his side, not facing Trowa anymore and started to fall asleep.

><br> Trowa coughed.

><br> Quatre did nothing.

><br> Trowa faked a sneeze.

><br> "Bless you." Quatre said, sleepily.

><br> "Did I wake you? Gomen..." Trowa said softly.

><br> "I was awake anyway." Quatre replied. "You need not apologize."

><br> There was a long silence, until, surprisingly, Trowa broke it. "Little one?"

><br> "Hai?" Quatre said.

><br> "C-can I hold you?" Trowa asked, then clapped his hands over his mouth, uncertain of what he had just said.

><br> Quatre sat up, shocked. "Hold me?"

><br> "Hai." Trowa replied, also sitting up.

><br> "Why would you want to do that?"

><br> "I think you would feel nice against me. May I?" Trowa asked again, slightly blushing.

><br> Quatre nodded nervously.

><br> "Arigatou." Trowa smiled gently as he pulled Quatre into his arms. 'He does feel nice against me...' Trowa thought.

><br> Quatre, both confused and delighted, had no idea how to read this situation. He shyly wrapped his arms around Trowa's neck and rested his head between his neck and shoulder. Trowa wasn't satisfied with this. He pulled Quatre closer still. The smaller boy was now pulled across his lap. Trowa held Quatre at the back of his head and the middle of his back. It was a nice feeling for both boys.

><br> Trowa's back was so smooth on Quatre's soft hands. He had been running his hands up and down Trowa's back in some comforting gesture. He now knew why Trowa wanted to hold him so badly.

><br> "Trowa" Quatre whispered into the tall boy's neck. "I'll protect you now. No one will hurt you again."

><br> Trowa squeezed Quatre slightly. "You know about them? The bastards? How? How do you know about the people who hurt me so badly?"

><br> "My Space Heart told me." Quatre said softly. If Trowa were a centimeter further away, he would not have been able to hear him.

><br> "Space Heart?" Trowa asked.

><br> "Yes." Quatre explained. "It tells me many things."  
><br> "Tell me what it's saying now, little one." Trowa said, laying down, pulling Quatre on top of him. He ran a hand through Quatre's soft blonde hair and smelled it as he did so.  
><br> "It's telling me that you're afraid of tomorrow. That you are a gentle soul. That you wouldn't hurt me... Things like that." Quatre said. Trowa's heartbeat was very soothing. He listened to it for quite some time.  
><br> "What else does it say?" Trowa was curious.  
><br> Quatre smiled. "It tells me that you like to call me 'little one'."  
><br> "Does it say 'Ai Shiteru, chibi ichi'?" Trowa asked.  
><br> "Now it did." Quatre said, being a smartass.  
><br> Trowa chuckled. "Baka."  
><br> Quatre looked up into Trowa's face and stuck his tongue out. Trowa smiled a crooked smile and captured Quatre's lips with his own.  
  
><br> "Did it tell you I was going to do that?" Trowa asked, poking Quatre on his nose.  
><br> Quatre shook his head. "No, it only works when it wants to."  
  
><br> "Ah... I see." Trowa said. "Does it go off at certain times of the day or something?"  
><br> 'Time?' Quatre thought. He glanced over at the clock. 4:33 AM, it read. 'I won't miss 3 and a half hours sleep...' Quatre thought. 'This is better than sleeping anyway.'  
><br> Trowa, sensing what Quatre was thinking, glanced over at the clock as well. "Sleep would be a good idea but... I'm enjoying myself too much."  
><br> "Me too." Quatre said as he yawned. "But... if I do fall asleep, can you do something for me?"  
><br> "Of course, little one."  
><br> "Don't let go of me?"  
><br> "I wouldn't even if you hadn't asked." Trowa said softly. He kissed Quatre's hair and leaned his head onto the pillow.  
><br> Within seconds, both boys were asleep.  
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><br>~Owari~  
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><br>Heh, a few things for you folks that don't know Japanese:  
'Hai'='yes', 'ne?'='right?', 'nani'='what', 'gomen'='sorry', 'arigatou'='thanks', and 'Ai Shiteru, chibi ichi'='I love you, little one'  
><br>I figured I'd do this so ppl wouldn't be confused when the characters speak in Japanese. ~\_^ I hope I enlightened at least ONE person out there. Heehee! Ja ne! =^\_ ^=  
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>P.S.- 'Ja ne'='see you later' <p><p>

End  
file.